

# The North Carolina Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY  
WILLIAM W. HOLDEN,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."  
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## TERMS.

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there. About ten o'clock, the sappers and miners, under Lieut. Smith, and the section of mounted howitzers, under Lieut. Callender, returned to San Antonio, and joined Gen. Pillow's division, which was then taking up its march in the direction of Contreras. Gen. Pillow continued his march, opening the road as he went, until he reached a high point, from whence he had the enemy and his fortifications in full view. Between one and two o'clock the division of Gen. Twiggs came up with the advance and moved forward—Gen. Smith's brigade advancing to the left, and Col. Riley's to the right. Gen. Pillow placed at the disposal of Gen. Twiggs Capt. Magruder's battery, and Lieut. Cadwalader's howitzers—both of which belonged to the proper division of Gen. Pillow.

With great difficulty, the two batteries moved forward, having to travel half a mile over a broken and confused mass of lava, apparently impassable even for footmen. The enemy opened his heavy batteries from Contreras, and the advancing troops of Gen. Smith's brigade hotly engaged the enemy's infantry, which he had thrown out across a deep ravine and creek in front of his fortifications. He appeared determined to maintain his position in front of his fortifications, using his artillery for a time against the rear brigade of our army as they came up, but he was not able to stand the severity of the conflict, and was compelled to retire with heavy loss. He then concentrated his fire upon the howitzers and Capt. Magruder's battery. These two batteries sustained for more than an hour, the fire of twenty-two pieces of artillery, mostly of large calibre, when they were ordered by Gen. Smith to retire from so unequal a conflict. The loss was very severe, and among others we have to lament the death of Lieut. Johnson; Lieut. Callender was also severely wounded.

Gen. Pillow had ordered Gen. Pierce's brigade to the support of Gen. Smith, and Gen. Cadwalader's to the support of Col. Riley. At this state of the battle, while it was raging with extreme severity, the enemy appeared on the left of the fort at Contreras, and in rear of the village of Ensaldo where Col. Riley had arrived, with a force of 12,000 men, (which we afterwards learned was under the command of Santa Anna himself) apparently threatening the safety of Col. Riley and Gen. Cadwalader. Gen. Pillow ordered the 18th Infantry, under Col. Morgan, to the support of Gen. Cadwalader. Gen. Scott came upon the ground about this time, bringing with him Gen. Shields's brigade of volunteers (South Carolina and New York) whom he advanced to the support of the forces under Gen. Cadwalader.

Gen. Twiggs, finding his command so separated, and that it was utterly impossible, from the nature of the ground, for him to reach the point he intended to occupy, as night approached, he fell back with a portion of his staff to the place where Gen. Scott was passing the night, exposed to a severe rain, without shelter or anything more than his usual uniform, to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. Magruder's and the howitzer battery being disabled, and it being evident that our left was advancing on a route prepared for us by the enemy—he having cleared away all the brush and other obstacles that obstructed his view, thereby exposing our infantry to a destructive fire as they approached, and it being doubtful whether they could cross the ravine after they had reached it, Gen. Smith directed Captain Magruder and the howitzer battery to open, in order to attract the attention of the enemy, while he made a movement to the right, which he had determined on, in order to try one of the enemy's flanks. Leaving three companies of the 3d Infantry to support the battery, and about 20 men of Major Dimick's command to reinforce the loss sustained by the battery, Gen. Smith moved off with the sappers and miners, Lieut. Smith, 1st artillery, Maj. Dimick, and 3d artillery, Capt. Alexander, and as many of the rifle regiment as could be got together, they having been detached during the day as skirmishers, and to cover the engineers in their reconnaissance. After passing over the broken and irregular surface of land, and crossing the deep ravines he succeeded in reaching the village of Ensaldo. Gen. Smith being the ranking officer present, General Cadwalader reported to him with 4 regiments of Gen. Pillow's division. Col. Riley's brigade had crossed the ravine, and gone up towards Contreras, after a strong body of the enemy, which he drove off. The enemy was now drawn up in two lines, above the village, on the right of the fort—the front infantry, and the rear cavalry. The village of Ensaldo is protected on one side by a deep ravine—between the road between it and the stream is a house and garden, surrounded by a high and other strong stone wall; the village is intersected by narrow lanes, between high dikes, enclosure of gardens full of fruit trees and shrubbery, affording protection and concealment for the men. The church, standing in the centre, also afforded protection, if necessary. Gen. Smith now directed Gen. Cadwalader's force to be drawn up on the outer edge of the village, facing the enemy's heavy force on the left of the fort—formed the 3d Infantry and rifle in column of company, left of front on the right flank, and placed Lieut. Smith's sappers and miners, and Capt. Irwin's company of the 11th Infantry, in the church, and Maj. Dimick's regiment in the garden on the road, in order to secure that avenue and his rear.

Gen. Smith now determined to attack the large force on the enemy's right; with Col. Riley on the left, Gen. Cadwalader on the right of the former retired in echelon, but before the movement could be completed night approached and the enemy's line could not be seen—therefore the order was countermanded, and Gen. Cadwalader resumed his position on the edge of the village; Col. Riley's brigade was formed in a long line inside park in the churchyard. Thus they remained exposed to a severe rain all night without fire or shelter—the officers from generals down sharing the severity of the weather—but perhaps it only whetted their appetites for a more glorious and determined engagement in the morning. But now imagine the position of this portion of the army, numbering 3500 at the outside, without artillery or cavalry, while the enemy in front and on the left had 19,000 troops—those in the fort said to be the best of Mexico—with 22 pieces of artillery, and among his troops about 7000 cavalry. It was evident that some decisive action had to be taken—that some great effort had to be made—and Gen. Smith and Col. Riley, seconded as they were, were just the men competent to the task. An attack on the main work was determined upon, and the movement to take place at three o'clock on the following morning. However, here another obstacle presented itself—the force of Gen. Smith

was not strong enough to attack the main work and hold the village at the same time, and it was of the utmost importance he should do so—for if he drove the enemy from this main work, and in his retreat he secured possession of the village, he could hold it long enough to allow his troops to get away, and in all probability seriously embarrass any further movements of our army until he was safely fixed somewhere else. It is said that fortune favors the brave—and in this instance it most truly did—for while Gen. Smith was preparing for his attack, Gen. Shields reported his near approach with his brigade of South Carolina and New York Volunteers—and here was an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of a high-minded soldier to a brother officer. When Gen. Shields arrived he was the ranking officer and could have assumed the command, but he was not the man to pluck the bright laurels alone to be gathered by a brother soldier in carrying one of the strong works of the enemy—accordingly he moved subject to the command of Gen. Smith, and his brigade was placed in the village of Ensaldo, to act as circumstances might require, either to cut off the retreat of the troops from Contreras or to take the reserve of the enemy in flank, if it should change its front and attempt to attack our force towards Contreras.

At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, our troops commenced their movement towards the front of attack—the night was so dark that the men could not go out of reach of one another for fear of losing their way. This caused the movement to be so slow that day-break approached before the head of Gen. Cadwalader's brigade commenced descending the ravine at the village. As soon as Col. Riley got out of the deep ravine, and at a point where it was thought the rear of the work could be approached, the head of the column halted and closed—at the same time drawing the loads out of the guns supposed to be wet. Col. Riley then formed his brigade in column by divisions—and thus the column stood formed, Col. Riley's brigade on the advance, next Gen. Cadwalader's and Gen. Smith's brigades, together with the sappers and miners, under the command of Major Dimick, closed up the rear—leaving Gen. Shields at the village. Col. Riley continued up the ravine bearing a little to his left, and as he raised over the bank he stood facing the rear of the enemy's work, but he was protected from the severity of its fire by the favorable position of the ground. As soon as Col. Riley ascended the hill and came in full view of the enemy, they immediately opened a warm fire upon him. Col. Riley threw out his two advanced divisions as skirmishers, and said forward—"Now, boys, give them hell—close in with them, and let the bayonet do its work!"—and his command rushed down the slope with a desperation and enthusiasm enough to strike terror to the heart of the boldest—while the rest of his command moved steadily forward in solid block with the most mechanical precision. The sappers and miners, and the rifle regiment, which had been thrown across a ravine intervening between the one they had passed up and under the brow of the slope which Col. Riley came down, from that position poured in a fire which swept in front of Col. Riley's column, then inclining towards their left, joined in the attack on the troops outside of the fort. Gen. Cadwalader followed the route taken by Col. Riley, and as soon as his troops were formed, moved on to his support. The first brigade, which was bringing up the rear, had been ordered to follow the same route, but while it was on its march by the right flank up the ravine and nearly opposite the fort, Gen. Smith ordered the brigade to face to the left and advance in line to attack the enemy's force in flank—this movement was executed to strike them in the rear, and the result was that the enemy outside of the fort, just as Col. Riley's brigade rushed into it—the enemy was completely routed and commenced a precipitate retreat—their cavalry and infantry had been formed to receive the charge, but both were compelled to give way to the bayonet—the route was most complete, and the victory most decided—but while Riley's brigade took possession of the works and planted their colors upon it, the other force continued the pursuit down the road. The retreating force had to pass near where Gen. Shields's brigade was placed to intercept them. They, however, were not aware of it until they received the well directed fire of the South Carolina Regiment, which mowed them down like grass before the scythe.

The enemy had been completely decimated in reference to the position of Gen. Shields's brigade and the balance of the force, by the sagacity of the General. After Gen. Smith moved off to attack the work, Gen. Shields caused his men to build fires over the ground occupied by the troops during the night, as if the men were preparing their breakfast, which led the enemy to believe our troops still in force in the village; this also led him to believe that we were going to carry out execution the attack we were meditating the night before—accordingly the night before he placed his batteries along his line, and in the morning moved detachments forward to take in flank the attack he supposed we would make at day-light, and how great his surprise must have been when Col. Riley moving down the slope, having already turned his strong-hold—but all doubts were soon dispelled by the capture of his works and the dispersion of his army—they were met at every point by the skillful management and energy of Gen. Shields, whose command compelled them to fly in every direction—some taking to the craggy rocks—some to the ravines—while others depended upon their heels and made most excellent time in a race across the fields. One of the most sagacious movements made by a Mexican officer was made at this place. After a large portion of the Mexican army had passed through a narrow pass and our troops after them, he formed a squadron of lancers in the pass, laid down their arms and surrendered, thus effecting the escape of those who had already passed through, those of our troops who were nearest having to take possession of the prisoners and guard them back, and before another force could go in pursuit they were out of reach.

In this fort were captured 22 pieces of artillery, mostly large size, a great number of piciniles, a large quantity of ammunition and munitions of war, and upwards of 1500 prisoners; among them were several officers of high rank. The enemy left dead upon the field, which we have buried, upwards of 700—but his loss is certainly much heavier—as the Mexicans were still burying their friends when I passed over the battle-ground two days ago; there were many more killed when the Rifles engaged on the 19th than we had any idea of—their unerring aim told with powerful effect. The troops in the Fort were commanded by Valencia—those outside by Santa Anna. Among the highest achievements of the morning's engagement was the re-capture of the two Buena Vista six-pounders, belonging to Captain Washington's battery, by one of the light companies of the same regiment. They now stand before the door of Gen. Twiggs, and I hope when he shall meet his old friend Gen. Taylor he will have present these beautiful trophies to claim the congratulations. All the small arms taken were immediately destroyed.

The arms were secured, and a detachment left to protect the ordnance, ammunition and prisoners; the column formed for the purpose of pursuing the enemy, who had been met by a force from San Angel, when Gen. Twiggs arrived, and ordered a speedy and most vigorous pursuit of the enemy, which was immediately done. Gen. Shields's brigade in advance, next Gen. Twiggs's division, and the rear by Gen. Pillow's division, the rifles and sappers and miners in advance as skirmishers. There now ensued a sort of running fight all the way to San Angel, the enemy endeavoring to make a stand at every point on the road. The oncoming fire of the rifle made every place too hot for them, and they were compelled to take refuge in Churubusco.

At San Angel Gen. Pillow arrived and took the command, when the whole column moved down to Culican, when Gen. Scott came up, and immediately took the command of the whole.

THE BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.  
As soon as the enemy's forces perceived that Contreras was carried, and that we would be able to turn his position and attack him in reverse, he evacuated the fortification and fell back on Churubusco with his artillery and whole force. This was also reinforced by the troops from Contreras, and some from the city; they apparently determined to make their final stand at this point. The work and position were exceedingly strong and completely masked by a high growth of corn and an orchard, which very much precluded our officers getting a proper view of the position and the strength of the work, which proved to be a regular fortification, and had been erected in the incredible short time of 38 hours. The church buildings formed a large square—the lower front, at the north end, was chiefly a wall, scaffolded for infantry; behind it was a higher building, also covered with infantry, and in the rear of this the church itself was also covered with infantry, and a high steeple on its right flank was filled with infantry; in front of the first wall was a curtain connecting two salient angles, which flanked it, and were continued back to the side walls of the church, garrisoned heavily with infantry, and mounting 7 pieces of artillery. This was the point at which Gen. Smith's brigade opened the attack, and soon followed, a little further to the left, by Col. Riley's brigade—these two composing the Cerro Gordo Division, Gen. Twiggs. Captain Taylor's battery of light artillery also took position near this work, on the right of Gen. Smith's brigade; it soon drew upon it a heavy fire from the fort, which he sustained for an hour and a half, losing 23 of his company, among whom were Lieuts. Martin, Boynton and Sims, and 2 sergeants; he lost also during this time 15 horses. The conduct of Capt. Taylor and his company throughout, was such as to excite the admiration of all who witnessed it, as well as his superior officers.

At the opposite side the work, the breastwork extended across the road from the church, presenting a similar front, excepting the buildings of the church—the work on the road was also strengthened by a bridge over a creek, behind which was a body of infantry, and the work itself mounting 3 or 4 guns. Gen. Pillow, with part of his division, was sent round by Gen. Scott to assault this part of the work, but as he, with his command, emerged from the mud and mire of the corn fields (having waded, some of them, waist deep) into the road, he met Gen. Worth coming up from San Antonio, with his division; they had a hearty welcome, and one of them proposed that their command should go hand in hand in carrying the work, which was readily agreed to. At the same time that the other commands were detached, Gen. Scott ordered Gen. Shields to attack the enemy's extreme left, where he was heavily entrenched; at the same time reinforcing his command with the 19th, part of the 12th and 15th Infantry, under Gen. Pierce. This movement was executed as soon as the nature of the ground would admit—the whole command having to pass through corn fields of high growth, intercepted by ditches running through them in every direction. The action now became general, and the severity of the conflict never equalled within the recollection of our oldest soldiers—the enemy was more than three times our number, besides his advantage of artillery and position—added to this, he was stimulated by the fact that it was the last effort of resistance he could make, before we could enter the capital—his troops knew that they were fighting for the last remnants of the Republic, and they stood their ground with much firmness, and resolution as present have here. The roar of musketry was so great, that it was almost impossible for the soldiers to hear the orders of their officers. There was no point at which the action did not rage with severity for more than two hours, which is proven by the fact that our loss at this point was nearly 1000 men.

After the contest had lasted about two hours, our troops had got into such a position as to be able to close with them at the point of the bayonet, which decided the affair in our favor—Gen. Pillow and Gen. Worth carrying the work on the road, by an officer of Gen. Pillow's division, taking down one flag, and one of Gen. Worth's taking down the other, and the 8th Infantry planting their colors instead. Gen. Twiggs's division carrying the work it attacked at the church, Capt. J. M. Smith, of the 3d Infantry, received the surrender of the work, with seven pieces of artillery, two stand of colors, Gen. Rincon, together with 104 officers and upwards of 1000 non-commissioned officers and privates, surrendered as prisoners of war. Gen. Shields had his work more to him, as we said, and he fully sustained that high reputation hitherto acquired on the field of battle. When the contest raged highest, and his men were falling around him in every direction, he preserved that even temperament of mind for which he is so characteristic—his countenance wearing that bland and affable appearance throughout the whole engagement. His volunteers stood and moved under the fire with the regularity of veteran troops. South Carolina has sustained a heavy loss. Col. Butler was wounded twice before he received the

fatal shot. Two color-bearers were successively shot down, when Lieut. Col. Dickinson, took the colors, and was bearing the Palmetto proudly amidst the storm, when he also received a severe wound. About the same time that the three divisions at the forts were enabled to close, General Shields succeeded in driving from their position the large force with which he was contending. The dragoons were now brought forward, and drove the enemy to the gates of the capital, thus closing, for the present, the most brilliant victory achieved by our arms during the war, and one which will vie with any achievement of our arms in times past.

Louisiana had two brilliant representatives, who participated largely throughout the whole affair, viz: Gen. P. F. Smith, of the first brigade, second division, and Lieutenant Benuegard, of the engineers; both of which gentlemen signally distinguished themselves, both by their superior military knowledge and their personal courage. The engineer corps throughout has borne a large share of the labors and exposures of the battle. From intercepted letters which we have in our possession, written on the evening of the battle, we learn the Mexican loss to be five thousand in killed and wounded, and by them we also learn, that out of thirty thousand men, they had but between six thousand or eight thousand men left, and they in confusion, without leaders—the balance killed, wounded, prisoners, or totally dispersed. After the troops had arrived at this place, all the former Texan prisoners who were present assembled just below the National Palace, on a fine paved road, made by the labor of their hands, while they remained in this country. On the side of the road stood a beautiful monument, with the following inscription: "Erected to the memory of Gen. Santa Anna in consideration of his having constructed this road by the labor of the prisoners of Texas." It was not long after the assemblage of the crowd, until down came the monument, and not satisfied with tearing it down, they broke the stone into small pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. On the evening of the 20th, a white flag came out from the city, and on the morning of the 21st, we learned that propositions for an armistice had been made, which were agreed to, and Commissioners appointed, who arranged and agreed on the terms.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Sept. 3, 1847.  
North Carolinians—First Settlement of Rochester, N. Y.—Nathaniel Rochester—Judge Wm. B. Rochester, and the "Panama Mission"—University of North Carolina—Distinguished Graduates—Anecdotes of President Polk—Two Boys from the "Hanover Slashes"—Henry Clay and Judge Cameron—Gov. Swain—"Old Buncombe"—Faculty of the College—Literary Societies—Manners and Deportment of the Students.

As I remarked in a former letter, North Carolina is rich in legendary lore. The prominent actions of distinguished North Carolinians do not appear to be known beyond the boundary of their native State. This I now have to distinguish some of those who have acted a conspicuous part in national affairs, than any State south of Mason and Dixon's line, with the exception of Virginia. From the modesty of her actions, and the scarcity of historians and biographers, the merits of the Old North State are not known or appreciated. One of the largest cities in New York, and destined to be one of the largest in the Union, was settled by and named for a native of North Carolina. Two neighbors residing at Hillsborough, concluded to remove north. Nathaniel Rochester, and a Mr. Hart, about the year 1803, went to Frederick, Maryland, and there opened a store under the firm of "Hart & Rochester." They continued in business a few years, grew tired of the place, and dissolved partnership. Hart moved to Kentucky, where he settled, and Rochester migrated to western New York. He built the first sugar camp that was ever made on the west bank of the Genesee river, in 1809. Three years after, in 1812, he laid the foundation of a city, at the falls of the Genesee, and called it ROCHESTER, after himself. Just thirty years from that time, in 1842, by a singular coincidence, three distinguished citizens of North Carolina met at Rochester, and found a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. They were an ex-governor, an ex-judge, and one of the wealthiest men in the State; all prominent characters, one of whom was my informant. Judge William B. Rochester, son of the founder of the city, was one of the "Congress of American States," in the famous "Panama mission," during the administration of John Quincy Adams. He returned by land; it was in the year 1828, and on arriving at Hillsborough in this State, was surprised to learn that he was a candidate for governor, in opposition to De Witt Clinton. Judge Rochester was afterwards lost in the ill-fated ship *Perseus*, which was wrecked off Wilmington, in 1838. I think, the year 1838.

Allow me to say something of this classic retreat where I now write. Chapel Hill has been the seat of the University of North Carolina, since its foundation in 1797. Many of the most prominent men in the nation were educated here. One year ago the "University" reckoned among her graduates, the President of the United States, James K. Polk, the Secretary of the Navy, John Y. Mason, the Minister to France, William R. King, the Minister to Spain, Romulus M. Saunders, the Minister to Portugal, Abram Rencher, and the Charge to Naples, William H. Polk. Here also the Hon. Thomas Hart Benton studied mathematics and the classics for two or three years, but I believe did not graduate here. One of the present professors in the college was a class-mate and graduated with Mr. President Polk in 1818. He gave me some anecdotal reminiscences of their college days, that go to show that as most other cases, the foundation of future greatness is laid in youth. He says Mr. Polk was the most systematic, orderly and regular, and at the same time the most studious of any in the class. Though there were two or three who were thought to be his superiors in ability, yet when he came to speak on a question of debate, he almost always made the question go his way. As a logical and efficient debater, and as a constant and persevering student, he had few or no equals. Those same lessons, and that practice began in college, helped to make him and give him the reputation of being "the best stump-speaker in Tennessee," and paved the way to his being Governor of the State, and afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives and President of the United States. The professor related an incident that occurred during their college days, that he has

often thought of since. One day, one of the Board of Visitors of the college, a gentleman prominent in life, was addressing their class—then the "Junior"—and encouraging them to persevere and aim high, "for," says he, "you are destined to be our future statesmen, judges, senators, and perhaps some of you, president of the United States." There sat "Shocco Jones," the great financier (!) one or two who afterwards became distinguished divines; one or two who pre now eminent lawyers, and there, too, sat James K. Polk, perhaps with a well-thumbed copy of Virgil in his hands. My informant says the boys turned, looked at one another, and several pined their neighbors, with their elbows, as much as to say, "I think you must be that future president!" Let us go in imagination to the "Slashes of Hanover," in the Old Dominion. There were born in the year 1777 two boys, some thirty years passed, and about the same time they married. From that time their paths lay in different directions; one moved to Kentucky, where he has ever since resided—the other came to North Carolina, Henry Clay, by his practice at the bar, and in the State Legislature, and in Congress, has carved out for himself a name and a fame that has gone to the remote corners of the earth. Duane Cameron, also a lawyer, had an extensive practice, was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, President of the State Bank of North Carolina, and is now a millionaire.

"So the various turns of fortune ponder." I understand that the Kentucky statesman, in conversation with the bank president, told him that he regretted he had not taken a course similar to his, as in that case it would be now much better for his family. Such rare poetical genius, the late Robert C. Stoddard, of New York, speaks of the gates of death as the "gates that open not back." We may say the same thing of life. We cannot return and live our lives over again, but have to be content with the present, and a look into the dim and misty future.

In a late letter from this place, I spoke of the college here—the University of North Carolina. I believe I mentioned, that the president was the Hon. David L. Swain, who was governor of North Carolina from 1832 to 1835. Gov. Swain is a native of the far famed Buncombe county. He is a fine specimen of the gentlemen of the old school, and as a classical and historical scholar has few equals. Few college presidents are as popular among their students. The boys, of course, call him "Buncombe," or more familiarly, "Old Bunk." He has a son, a bright eyed little fellow, of some eight summers. I asked him one day what the college boys called him, and with the utmost sang froid he replied "Little Bunk." The college faculty comprises eight professors and two tutors. The president fills the chair of intellectual philosophy and political economy; Emanuel Fetter is professor of Greek; Debrahn Hooper, professor of Latin and French; Rev. Elisha Mitchell, professor of Chemistry and Geology; Rev. Wm. Green, professor of History and Rhetoric; James Phillips, professor of Mathematics; Rev. Charles M. F. Duems, adjunct professor of Divinity; Rev. Judge Wm. H. Battle, professor of Law. Tutors—Charles Phillips and Asahel Brown.

In visits to a large number of American colleges at the south and west, I have not seen one that pleased me on all accounts as well as this. It is well endowed by the State; has elegant and capacious buildings, large and splendid libraries and apparatus, and an able and experienced faculty. The situation is unrivaled. A place of some five hundred inhabitants only, the college buildings on a hill in a grove of magnificent old oaks, with a dry soil, and an agreeable and healthy climate. The literary societies of the college, the DIALLECTIC and PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES, show, by their well-filled libraries and the regular attendance of the members, the interest that the students take in intellectual and moral improvement. I must bear testimony to the gentlemanly manners and deportment of the students. I have never visited a college where there has appeared so much order and regularity, and apparently so few rigid rules to enforce them. The most perfect confidence and respect appears to exist between the faculty and the students. All this, where near two hundred students are congregated, speaks much in favor of the wholesome regulations of the university, and the personal popularity of the professors. COMMUNIPAW.

Close Quarters. "I can tell a better story than that," added the Captain. "I felt pretty considerably frisky one day, and I went up the lightning rod hand over hand, as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect up there—but that ain't all! I remember cloud came over, and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, and I thinks I to myself, if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready, and when the crack came, I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again!"

The Catholic Almanac for 1847 says that the number of priests in the United States is eight hundred and thirty-four, being an accession of ninety-eight in one year; and also that there are 812 churches, 72 of which were erected during the past year. In addition to this number, there are 577 stations visited by clergymen, but as yet without any commodious place of worship.

Answer to a Challenge. Through some mistake, a gentleman in the South of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply: "Sir, I cannot understand why, because I opened a ball at